

VOLUME 15

JANUARY - FEBRUARY

PATHFINDER



COMMEMORATING THE
15TH ANNIVERSARY



1951 - 1966

PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

EDITOR

Bob Reid

CIRCULATION

Gary Mack

ART

Fred Page

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Emile Zarbatany

LAYOUT

Sam Frenette

PRODUCTION

Mike Barber

SPORTS

Don Kolot

Bob Gaucher

PHOTOGRAPHER

Freddy Shatford

TYPIST

Gerry Leblane

Permission was granted by Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allen J. McLeod for the publication and distribution of *PATHFINDER* under the auspices of Warden J.H. Weeks, and the supervision of Related Training Instructor, E.A. Mardell.

Subscription Rate \$1.00 per six bi-monthly issues.

PATHFINDER

VOLUME 16

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1966

Number 1

EDITORIAL.	2
PAUSE FOR REFLECTION	Al Vidlin 4
INQUIRER'S BEAT.	Mike Barber 7
RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A CAGED SQUIRREL.	Earle Griffin 11
A NEW YEAR UPON US	A Poem Don Cotham. 14
BEDTIME STORY.	Billy Peacock 18
SHOWTIME	B. Flat 20
BIRCH HILLS JUBILLE CHOIR.	24
ADD-CAN ANNIVERSARY.	25
THE IMAGE OF YOU	Old Timer 26
ON THE Q.T.	Us. 29
COMMITTEE REPORT	30
TWO POEMS.	Blair Bothwell and K.R.C. St. Cyr. 31
SHOP TOUR.	Jim Rutley. 32
ARTS AND CRAFTS.	Fred Page 34
OUR WORLD OF SPORTS.	Don Kolot and Bob Gaucher 35
THE OLD AND THE NEW.	J.G. Gagnon 41
RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CLINIC	42
FENAL PRESS.	44

PATHFINDER is published by and for the inmates of Saskatchewan Penitentiary, at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any view expressed herein is not necessarily that of the Administration nor of PATHFINDER staff. All manuscripts submitted for publication must be signed by the author. Please address all inquiries to:

PATHFINDER, Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada

EDITORIAL

On February 20th, this year, PATHFINDER will commemorate its fifteenth anniversary in the ranks of the Penal Press of the world, although the universal distinction is somewhat exaggerated, since the circuit is, for the most part, limited to Canadian and American penitentiaries, and to our knowledge, two from Australian institutions.

In this decade and a half of its harried and worried existence, PATHFINDER has had its highs and its lows, which necessarily reflects the interest, ability and dedication of the varied editorial staffs who have graced its masthead for these many years.

One point, however, common to most of the crews who have written for PATHFINDER, is the constant and consistent theme, dealing with the problems of the inmates and with Society's prejudgment of the men and women who have been convicted, imprisoned, numbered and regimented, and whose records had added to the bulk of dusty files in the archives of the Department of Justice, at Ottawa.

It has always been the patent intent of the many writers whose style has graced the pages of this little magazine to give its readers a measure of insight, however limited, into the realm of penology and its security-conscious domain of high walls and steel bars, its rules and restrictions, and its atmosphere of hard reality.

In the text of these inmate writers, who are committing words to paper in the sincere hope that perhaps somebody will read, and maybe understand, the message or the challenge, is found the priceless and pertinent subjective experience of men doing time—an experience that cannot be imitated or duplicated in the laboratory or on the black-board.

The purpose of any publication that labels itself a member of the Penal Press is, primarily, to promote understanding between the prison inmate and the citizens in the outside world, so that it might be possible to find a common

meeting ground on which they could confront each other and communicate.

The number of citizens who subscribe to PATHFINDER would indicate to the present staff, as it would to any editorial crew in the Penal Press circuit, the extent to which the inmate has succeeded in reaching the minds of the average citizen. Whether or not we are actually communicating is another problem, simply because it cannot be assessed merely by the number of paid subscriptions.

The occasional "letter-to-the-Editor" text we publish in the special feature under that title is not, as is generally taken to be, a childish attempt on our part to hoist ourselves by our shoelaces. It is, rather, a simple attempt on our part to give reader reaction an airing. We do appreciate the outside reader who takes the time to tell us, in his or her own words, what effect our text has had on him or her.

After fifteen years for PATHFINDER, and about twenty years for the Penal Press at large, what has been accomplished that can be assessed impartially, and what does the future hold in store for this restricted medium?

There can be no clear-cut, well-defined answer, simply because there is no clear-cut, well-defined standard that would apply to each and every magazine, newspaper or pamphlet turned out by the inmates of the reformatories, prisons, work farms and penitentiaries in Canada, the United States, and wherever else that the privilege of printing an inmate publication is given.

The presentation of these publications ranges from the very good to the mediocre, depending on the circumstances, but presentation is not everything in an inmate-written, inmate-produced publication. Shortage of equipment and facilities is not a reflection on inmate ability.

The basic problem common to most editors in the Penal Press circuit, barring the few large-population institutions, where talent of every kind and category is bountiful, is the need of creative writers who can be objective in their presentation without necessarily foregoing the benefit of their subjective appreciation of the facts and the problems, the situations and alternate solutions, if any, which are, always have been, and ever will be, the essence of the text that makes the Penal Press what it is.

Pause....for Reflection

by Al Vidlin



The time; 3,000 B.C. The Place; Egypt. The occasion? At least, it provides material for reflection.

The scene; A large mob milling around in the dust, pushing and shoving. People, restless in their anticipation of what was to take place. They came to see the spectacle of four men and one woman being put to death.

Chronologically, this was long after the so-called dawn of history, and Egypt had been civilized for almost five thousand years. But Egypt is only incidental to the story.

And so it went, down through the centuries, right down to the year 33 A.D., when three men were crucified for crimes against the laws of the Roman Empire, while it was at the peak of its own era of civilization. Although sensational from the slant of spectator interest, crucifixion was never too popular, on the international level, as a form of execution.

Variations on the theme of capital punishment cover a wide range—as wide a range as the combined imagination of all who contributed still another version. Ever since man first learned to handle tools, he had been devising means of putting his fellow man to death. Or simply for torture, and this inventive genius of man culminated in the Infamous Inquisition.

In Arabia, we could have watched a man being beheaded for stealing a loaf of bread. In England, it was acceptable, from the moral point of view, to see a man hanged for killing one of the King's deer in a royal forest reserve. In France, many devices and techniques were invented, each with its merits and claim to fame, but none could match the infamous Devil's Island—where the dignity of the nature of man was forgotten and inhumanity was the rule in the sacred name of Equality, Fraternity and Liberty, none of which ever existed, regardless of the regime and the brand of politics.

This same France, incidentally, which had been conquered and subjugated by Germany, then as soon as it was liberated by Allied troops, immediately turned around and resubjugated its former colonies, putting them to more hardships than they had undergone at the hands of the Germans.

Gallows and galleys, electric chairs, guillotines and gas chambers; beheading and burning at the stake, drawing and quartering, and all the other inventions of Civilization On The March. These, the lingering symbols of man's inhumanity to man, with nothing accomplished, really, and no promise of future fruit in the war against the predatory habits of men, whether or not they are out-and-out crimes or mere defensive measures.

For all that civilization has accomplished by legislation and the construction of penal institutions to go with a penal code, men are still the preying creatures they were when the first indication of civilization was an awareness of the need of self-discipline in the tribe and some sort of police action to implement and uphold this discipline.

We are well into the twentieth century, having passed the half-way mark fifteen years ago, yet the obsolete and doctrinaire view of Cesare Lombroso still holds in certain areas, even where the modern penology exists on paper but not in the minds and hearts of those whose vested duty it is to implement it.

While those who are dedicated to the belief that modern penology is heading toward a world without prisons are waiting for that great day, Canada and the United States are building more and more prisons. It does not matter, at this point, whether the need is justified. What does matter is that the need is real, in the absence of any other solution.

The protection of society comes first, True enough. But cannot this Society find other ways to protect itself that, in and of themselves, would truly reflect the advance of civilization?

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

STATISTICS FOR DECEMBER-JANUARY

Admitted on Warrant of Committal...65	Main Institution...704
Transferred from Other Institutions..1	Farm Annex.....86
Released on Expiration of sentence..54	Other Registry.....15
Released by parole.....14	Total on
Transferred to other Institutions...2	Registry.....805
As of January 31, 1966	

Farewells

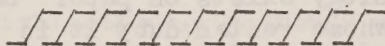
FREDDY SHATFORD: Our photographer, Freddy Shatford, has been transferred to the Farm Annex, which is always considered a forward and onward step. We sincerely hope that his next step will be out and on the street.

Freddy was a musician, in the days this institution boasted of a big band. He was also active in one of the Inmate Therapy groups, and he was sincerely dedicated to its goals.

We wish Freddy luck in the future and we are grateful to him for past cooperation and effort in the interest of PATHFINDER.

GERRY LE BLANC: Our typist, Gerry LeBlanc, was discharged before this issue went to press. He was a reliable and good worker who showed his mettle whenever PATHFINDER had to operate under pressure of time and schedule.

Good luck to you, Gerry, wherever you go. Bonne Chance.



NATIVE BROTHERHOOD MEETING

On Friday, December 7th, the Native Brotherhood held its regular fortnightly meeting. This session was highlighted by the presence of several distinguished guests.

Mr. R.R. Gillies, Regional Representative of the National Parole Board, was one of the guest speakers. He talked on the new policy of group interviews with the inmates, so as to iron out the prospects of applying for parole, and he invited the inmates in general to attend these briefing sessions.

Professor Zenon Pohorecky, director of the Department of Anthropology and Archeology at the University of Saskatchewan, was also present, and he gave a short lecture.

Mr. Malcolm Norris, who is well known to the inmate body, was invited to take the chair for the last half of the meeting. Miss Judy Cowan, reporter for the P.A. Herald, was there in her official capacity as a representative of the Press.



INQUIRERS BEAT



CONDUCTED
by
MIKE BARBER

A survey was taken in the Parchman, Mississippi, State Penitentiary recently, by Professor of Sociology C.B. Hopper. The purpose of the poll was to determine the effectiveness of conjugal visits as a means of reducing tension and conflict. Parchman State Penitentiary has had conjugal visits since 1918. The most critical aspect of these visits, before the survey was taken, was that they caused more tensions and conflict than they reduced, because of the resentment of the single men toward the married men. An interesting disclosure, as a result of this poll, was that 89.6% of the 822 single men who were interviewed stated they felt no resentment whatsoever.

QUESTION: If conjugal visits in the Canadian Penal System were possible, do you think the visits would be desirable?



Harry McCutcheon. (Married)

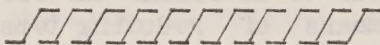
If, by conjugal visits, it is intended that my wife and I would spend half an hour together in a little room, furnished with only a bed, then I would not find them desirable. That prospect smacks too much of reducing marriage to one facet—that of sex. Now, sex can be wonderful, but a married man will testify that many other items are involved.

If a prisoner and his wife can spend a

decent interval together and share all the facets of normal married life for a time, then the visits would be worth while. There are many stresses and strains placed on the bonds of matrimony when a married man is sent to prison. If conjugal visits can reduce the amount of stress and strain, or can save a marriage or keep a family happily united, then they will serve a good purpose.

Even if a man's marriage is not in immediate jeopardy, conjugal visiting privileges may prevent him and his wife from becoming strangers to each other. They would be allowed to share all the big problems, even if only temporarily, and all the trivialities. They could enjoy the whispered jokes, the private delights, the intimate memories, the family gossip—these, the ingredients that a marriage is composed of.

For a wife, these visits may help to take the sting out of a prison term. Many a wife suffers severely, as a side effect, when her husband is sent to jail.



Jim Rutley. (Married)

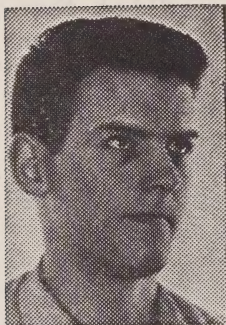
First, a pat on the back to PATHFINDER for choosing the subject of controversy, "Conjugal Visits."

I strongly support such a proposal and sincerely believe it would be a strong step in the right direction, on the road to Rehabilitation and social readjustment.

Considering the most prominent factor involved, which immediately comes to mind, We would wonder how the inmate population might react to the proposed plan.

Prisoners are normal human beings and share common needs and desires. I am not suggesting that sex is the ultimate factor, or that the director should be a Polly Adler. Rather, I am trying to stress the need for normal human relationships, in all their aspects, which are the essential part of marriage.

Judging from the response shown by the majority of the men to whom I have spoken regarding this topic, the general feeling would indicate that filling this need by extending the privi-



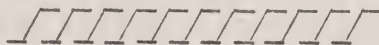
lege of conjugal visits would be favorably received by the inmate body.

Would this not, in and of itself, clearly answer the query?

Bearing this in mind, I would say, in all fairness, that the proposed visiting plan be promptly investigated on its merit.

The road to complete rehabilitation is long. Would it not be in the best interest of all concerned if this road could be shortened by conjugal visits?

Here is a closing thought to ponder. Society accepts well-adjusted persons more readily than it does bitter ex-cons.



Mike Demchuk.(Single)

As a single man, I would not harbor any resentment toward married inmates in the event that conjugal visits were adopted in the Canadian Penal System.

During different periods of incarceration I have seen married men sent to prison who, in a short time, saw their wives starting proceedings for divorce. It seemed that they could not stand the strain of waiting three, five, or more years for their man.

I believe conjugal visits would help to strengthen unity and serve as a form of reconciliation in these marriages that are threatened by divorce.

We hear so much about the expansion program in our penal system, so why should they not give serious thought to the idea of conjugal visits on the basis of their obvious merit?

Rehabilitation begins with the inmate himself. He takes the initiative when he decides to learn a trade, when he rounds out his education and is willing to accept counselling, with the aim of becoming a good citizen upon his release. In many cases, he returns to society only to find that his wife has left him for parts unknown, and there is nothing left to build his future on. Whereas, through conjugal visits—while he is serving his term—the marriage would have been kept alive and the wife would have been waiting for him, ready to share with him the hopes he had brought out with him, for a new future.



John Winram. (Single)



In spite of the great progress made in practically every field in Canada since the turn of the century, the Canadian penal system, in my opinion, seems to be approximately where it was then. Therefore, an innovation such as conjugal visits is something which will likely never happen in our lifetime. I believe, however, that it does seem to be an excellent plan, indeed.

As a single man, I would feel no resentment toward a married man who could benefit by the privilege of conjugal visits. The statistics mentioned in the preamble would seem to indicate that this is true of the view of the overwhelming majority.

Since the responsibilities of marriage are equally his, including the major and incidental expenses, both financial and emotional, the married chap is certainly entitled—in my books, at any rate—to any pleasure or benefit that may be forthcoming with such a privilege.

The privations and frustrations that are part of the enforced separation of the two partners in a marriage, when a prison term intervenes, are serious enough in nature and intensity in many cases.

She is exposed, on a daily basis, to the normal pressures of social life, in which loneliness could so easily be compensated by accepting the company of those whose life paths cross hers while her husband is away, with the resultant conflicts and sundry stresses that are inevitable. It is here that the privilege of conjugal visits could help more than the imprisoned man.

In my opinion, two Sundays a month would be ideal. I sincerely believe that conjugal visits could prove to be the saving factor in many marriages, and they would help to preserve the family unit, which is the basic building block in any democratic society.

-ooo000ooo000ooo000ooo-

Experience has not yet taught men to a sufficient degree that they never shape their conduct upon the teaching of pure reason.

Gustave Le Bon

RANDOM THOUGHTS of a CAGED SQUIRREL

by Earle Griffin:

To err is human—to forgive divine. Somewhere between my head and my pen, the word "Corinthians" became 'Chronicles', and so it appeared in my last article. Thanks to those who pointed it out to me, and sorry chaps!

When this appears, Christmas will be long past, but a couple of Christmas items are of more than passing interest.

Each year the Salvation Army passes out Sunshine Bags in this prison, (and all others, I imagine.) One inmate was observed literally grabbing the bag from the S.A. woman and proceeding on his way without so much as a by-your-leave. Incidents of this nature are probably old hat to workers of all religious denominations, and it may have passed unnoticed by her. But, I dcubt.it! Perhaps, if Mrs. Shadgett reads this she will accept an apology for the thoughtlessness of one of us. Sometimes I am almost ashamed of being a thief!

What student of mob psychology will ever be able to fathom the behavior of those inmates who, each Christmas and New Year's Eve's, feel obliged to shake the rafters with their antics.

I hear a lot of guys knocking the Christmas Concert crew. And, of course, an equal number, loud in their praise. I think it should be kept in mind that, in most cases, these performers are amateurs and, as such, should be compared to other amateurs. Using professionals as a criterion is really a very unfair comparison. This amateur columnist would appreciate the same consideration.

Maybe it was just my imagination, but the Christmas Dinner didn't seem to be up to its usual high standards. Along with some of the other changes we experienced over the holiday, it occurred to me that maybe they are trying to tell us something.

There is quite a bit of conjecture among us here regarding a Centennial Amnesty. Naturally, there is no precedent and the opinion seems to be pretty well divided. With the National Parole Board's stated desire to parole everyone (with some exceptions) it is my studied opinion that they will be instrumental in having a General Amnesty changed to some sort of, easier to acquire, Centennial Parole. Any bets?

It has been some time since any magazines have printed an

article demanding that mollycoddling of prisoners be stopped. Does this mean they know the mollycoddling has stopped or that the writers no longer care?

Putting some of my usually squandered cell-time to practical use the other night, I drew up a graph showing the time I have spent in jail as opposed to that spent on the street. Needless to say, the percentages are not in my favor but I am still a young man and who likes to quit when they are losing?

While browsing through an old Consumer's Report, I was actually surprised at the lengths some manufacturers will go to place their products before the public in a manner designed to show them in a favorable light. Second-rate and sub-standard goods are labelled with the highest sounding names. Choice Grade, Fancy, and Select, are only euphemisms for items that are less than first-rate.

A number of my friends have been heard making derogatory remarks about the state of my physique. So, I am a little overweight. My wife thinks I am cuddly, so there! At present, I am seriously engaged in a comprehensive program of isometrics, calisthenics, 5BX, 10BX, dynamic tension, yoga, judo, karate, road-running and related weight reducing exercises, handed down to me by the same Aborigines responsible for Archie Moore's famous poundage losses. No results of any magnitude have been forthcoming but then neither was Rome built in a day. I won't divulge my exact weight but if I were the Aga Khan being weighed against an equal amount of gold, it would require \$86,878.00 to tip the scale.

As much as I hate to say it, or see it happen, I don't think John Diefenbaker will ever again be Prime Minister of Canada. Time is running against him. It is unlikely an election will be held in 1966. The Centennial Year of 1967 doesn't appear to lend itself too well to a General Election. This leaves the spring of 1968 as the earliest possible time. At that time, a Conservative victory is not at all unlikely but a change in leadership of the Conservative Party could propel John Robarts into the Prime Minister's chair.

While on the subject of politics, the following may be of some interest to students of Canadiana. Discussing the alleged irregularities surrounding the election of Maurice Sauve, Liberal Member from Magdalen Islands and Minister of Forests, I had, like many other Canadians, a deep and fervent belief that

our system of government was comparatively free of the machinations that make the word politician synonymous with corruption. Mr. Sauve has evidently exonerated himself to the satisfaction of the Prime Minister but listen to what happened 48 years ago. Was I naive?

The Unionist, a Conservative-Liberal group, under the P.M. Sir Robert Borden, and in response to England's cry for more men to fight France's war with Germany, entered the Election of 1917 with conscription the main plank in their platform. They would stand or fall on the result. Read carefully how they secured victory!

The Wartime Election Act was passed giving the right to vote to women, — but, only those women who were relatives of soldiers and more inclined to favor and support conscription.

A large number of naturalized Canadians were deprived of their vote under the Enemy Alien Act. These men, of course came to this country to escape the militarism of their motherlands and would, naturally, be against conscription.

As expected, the soldier vote would support conscription, but instead of their ballots being applied to the candidates in their home riding, they were distributed across Canada to those candidates who were more in need of them. Think what a government today could do with 216,000 votes to cast as they wished.

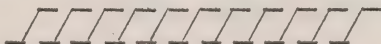
My sense of humor has been defined as morbid, twisted etc. and probably with good reason. Consider these two items in current newspapers. They broke me right up.

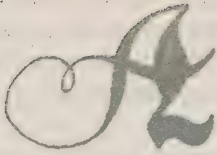
On the sixth of August, 1945, American bombers dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan. One Japanese survivor left immediately for a new start in Nagasaki. On the ninth of August, 1945, American bombers dropped the second bomb on—Nagasaki.

An unemployed Englishman, after looking for work for a very long time, finally secured a job as a gun-bearer for some Scotch Laird. On his first hunt, he was accidentally shot, dead.

Speaking of hunting, did you hear about the hunter who came upon a beautiful, naked woman in a clearing in the woods? She asked "What are you doing here?" He replied, "I am looking for game!" Coyly, and seductively she lowered her eyelids and said "Well, I am game!" So, he shot her.

Goodnight, and remember the pen is mightier than the provincial Gaol.





NEW YEAR
UPON
US



by Don Cotham

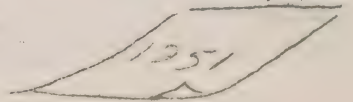
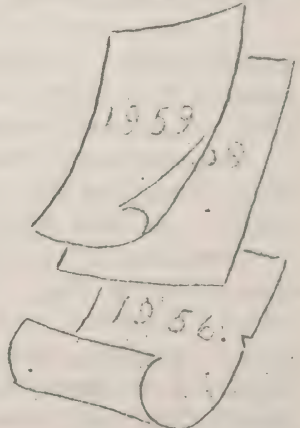
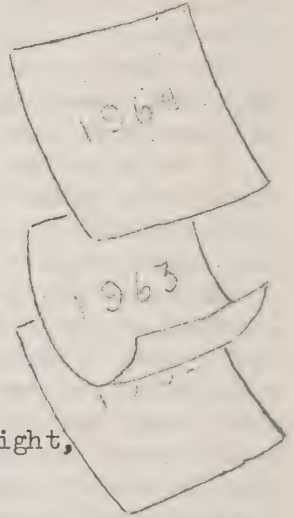
We look to the future,
As a New Year beckons,
With - hope - dignity - aspiration,
Or - betrayal - disgrace - failure.

What? Where? Why?
Mankind will resolve great things,
Soon forgotten; So he can go on,
Feeding that monster called "Vanity".

In Vietnam or Rhodesia, with our delinquent might,
Trying to prove all men are created equal.
Yet, in Los Angeles, Detroit, Harlem,
With bitterness and hate.

The reaper will reap,
Humanity will reproduce.
Ideas and dreams will be fulfilled,
Promises will be broken, others kept.

Let us reappraise ourselves,
Not our neighbor,
Set a prospective for the New Year,
Go forth and carry out our endeavors.





The Editor:

May 1966 be for all aspiring writers and the staff of P.A.'s PATHFINDER, a "Bonne, Heureuse et Sainte Annee."

Regardless of the obvious infringement on human freedom, some good has managed to evolve from an unreal temporary setting. And that, to this young aspiring journalist, manifests itself in the calibre and presentation of material in the very readable style of PATHFINDER's articles.

Whatever else the consequences of your, for the most part, temporary separation from those on the "Other" side of P.A.'s formidable walls, this observer praises the successful efforts of the "Insiders Looking Out" who so eloquently share their progressively discovered identities. Nicole Tremblay. Daily Standard-Freeholder. Cornwall Ont.

Dear Sir:

I'd like to see more work by Earle Griffin. His "Let's Abolish Christmas" was a masterpiece of irony with, regrettably, more truth than fiction.

Mrs. F. Delemarre
Prince Albert.....Saskatchewan

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is improving all the time. Am enclosing a cheque for two dollars for a two year subscription.

Edmonton Alta.....A.W. Cooper

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Dear Sir:

Enclosed my renewal of my subscription to PATHFINDER. I read it from cover to cover

and find it interesting reading. I would miss PATHFINDER very much as I have been reading it for many years.

Saskatoon.....Mrs. J. Davidson

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Sirs:

I am enclosing \$3.00 for three subscriptions to the PATHFINDER. We enjoy the magazine very much....Ray Robinson
Prince Albert.....Saskatchewan

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your reminder. Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my 1966 subscription.

Mr. John Hirtz
Saskatoon.....Saskatchewan

CRIME PILLS: Via THE FORUM, Neb.

The pill savior of thousands of neurotic Americans, Dr. Frank Berger (Miltowns') sees as a challenge the development of pills to correct and control "criminal minds."

If Dr. Berger ever succeeds in controlling the criminal mind through the use of pills, then our Great Society will face another challenge; The employment of thousands of prison officials and guards whose position will certainly face extinction.

JUSTICE: Via M.P. NEWS, Mon.

In the Federal Courthouse in Fort worth, Texas, during the same week, a man with no prison record was sentenced to 15 years for forging a \$58.40 government check while another man with previous arrests was sentenced to 30 days for forging a government check for \$35.20.

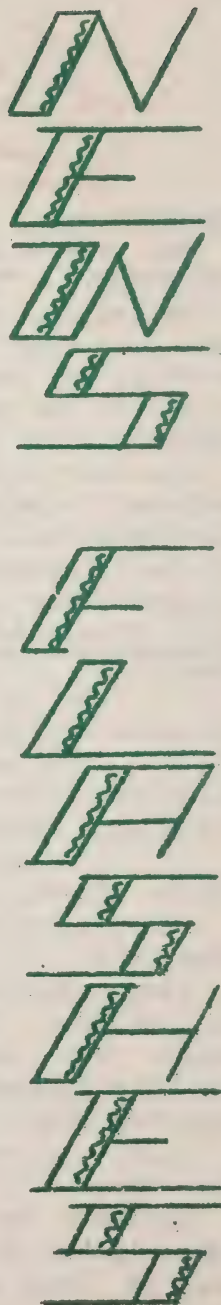
Via THE MENTOR, Mass.

In an unprecedented move the Maryland Court of Appeals handed down a decision declaring that the oath taken by jurors affirming their belief in God is unconstitutional.

Via LE PHOTO JOURNAL, Montreal P.Q.

A research project on the incidence of crime in Canada, in relating the actual statistics to the anticipated population increase in the next decade, predicts a startling increase in criminal activity and offenses, which would almost double the present rate, unless drastic measures are taken—measures which must necessarily surpass anything being done today or has ever been done in the past.

Based on actual statistics.





...since da
Louie Riel rebellion



FRED PAGE

Bed Time Story

by Bill Peacock

Beds are nice and, as you know, quite useful. They are talked about daily and dearly, and are rated an essential piece of furniture for essential matters.

You can become attached to a bed just as easy as you can to any other article. In fact, maybe more so. You learn about its weak spots, its squeak spots, its snug spots and, if you're anything like me, you fondly curse it once in a while. But, you never think too long or too seriously about buying a new one, because so many memories are associated with the old one that it seems to hold just a small chunk of you.

The battered misshapen mattress has given you warmth, comfort, and maybe even absorbed a few of your tears. And, for eight, or ten, or more or less, hours of each day, you lay down on this harbour of sanctuary to toss, sleep, turn, or dream. That is, if you live outside these walls.

In here, things are slightly different, and prisoners just have to be the world's greatest sleepers. The bed is the Queen in each man's cell. It, or rather, she, is a two-legged iron mistress possessed of the wiles of Delilah and as commanding as Helen of Troy. She is—to describe her accurately—a monster.

How did I get on this bed kick? Repressed motivation? Could be. But I'll cover this later. What I want to try to explain now to the outside sleeper is how this bed-love, or monster, is a part of penal living—at least maximum-security penitentiary life. So if you'll forgive and overlook the misplaced clauses, and let those dangling things dangle, I'll try to point out the one disturbing and damaging feature of prolonged cell time.

In this institution, each inmate rises approximately at 6:30 A.M. I say approximately because we slumber later than this, or rise earlier, according to the range we are on, and the gong that we respond to. Morning procedure never varies, and thank God for that. After the breakfast stroll for our army-style trays, and an unmannerly guzzling of coffee, nine out of ten inmates fall back onto their bed. The "fall-back" in the last sentence is meant to be taken literally, as the bed can be, and is, used as a reasonably soft seat which faces a cupboard

lid-table. The work day starts at eight and breaks off at eleven for dinner. It resumes at one in the afternoon and breaks off at four. Each working day, that is, from Monday thru Friday, there is night exercise. Saturday and Sunday there is night lock-up. The night exercise schedule changes with the seasons, but apart from this, the routine is unchanging. This places the inmate in his cell for 15 hours each work day, with 36 hours over the weekend. Added up, this amounts to 111 hours each week.

It can also be added up in terms of tedium and monotony, which invariably leads to boredom, and from boredom to sleep. Excessive sleep, in turn, leads to severe depression and mental deterioration. Needless to say, this sad and sleepy aspect of modern penology creates a state of lethargy and low morale. Its icy eye stares down the newcomer's enthusiasm, and gregariousness with remarkable speed and, in time, the twinkle in his eye is replaced with a sleepy sullenness. Reluctantly, he accepts the routine and dispirit in mind and body, and falls prey to a horse-hair mattress and coiled-wire springs. The Queen is Queen, and is a demanding lover.

Of course, there are myriad activities to occupy your time, in and out of your cell. There are sports, hobbies, T.V., scholastic studies, and a library with a good selection of books. There are trumpets for the hornblowers, and guitars for the guitarists. But the sad fact remains that everything mentioned above is drowned under the heavy waters of tension and turbulence.

To the outsider "time" is an empty-sounding noun. In a maximum-security institution, it represents a pervading power that you daily fight. The Queen is wrong, but her arms of escape are warm. I ask you, is this an atmosphere conducive to rehabilitation? I think not.

How did I get on the subject of beds? Bob Reid, the new Editor—who I wish the best—pulled me out of one to write "something, just anything". And now, may I go to sleep?



One of the chief sins of our society is that we are still too willing to condemn rather than convert—that we would rather see people stoned than saved.

HOW TIME

Reviewed by B. Flat.

ACT AMATEUR HOUR

The fifteenth Annual ACT Amateur Show has come and gone.

This institution is the only one in Canada that does benefit performances, in cooperation with the Associated Canadian Travellers and TV-Radio Station CKBI, Prince Albert. The net proceeds—in pledges from the radio audience across the Prairie Provinces—go to the Anti-Tuberculosis League of Saskatchewan.

The inmates worked hard to organize this show, and many of them spent their own money after the budget allotted by the Welfare Fund was used up. The show was a tremendous success. The winners were: Ted Snowden, first prize; Paul Jackson, second, and last year's winner, Marvin Friestad, came third.

INMATE CONCERT

Three weeks after the ACT Show, the Committee organized the Fifteenth Annual Christmas Concert. The ACT Show was attended only by outsiders, whereas the Christmas Concert was for the inmate body. The same acts, more or less, were in both shows.

An added feature to this concert was organized by the Native Brotherhood of this institution, which included authentic Indian dances and ceremonials. Their second spot in the show was their version—very impressive—of Sitting Bull's Last War Dance. As we know, Sitting Bull was a Dakota Sioux, whereas the Indian boys here are mostly Cree and Saulteux (Lake Superior Chippewa, who migrated to the Prairies.) After wiping out General Custer at the Little Big Horn, Sitting Bull came to this province to settle. Although he was tricked to return to the States—which cost him his life—his people remained in Saskatchewan and left some of their traditions here.

The Native Brotherhood made their own costumes for this.

Versatile J.G. Gagnon handled the M.C. spot in both shows, with Phil Gallant's Trojans and Albert Chalifoux's Combo supplying most of the backing. The planned orchestra did not come to fruition, again, this year. Key sideman, Al Vidlin went to the hospital, downtown, for an operation, the trumpet man broke his denture, and the piano could not be placed on stage.

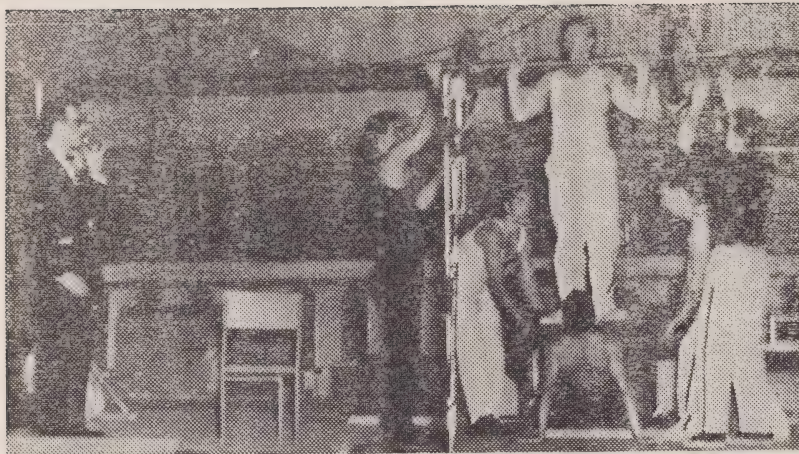


The inmates' Glee Club led the entire cast in the finale—which was a special version of White Christmas.

Captain Shadgett, of the Salvation Army, was instrumental in organizing the glee club. Mrs. Shadgett provided the piano accompaniment.



Members of the Native Brotherhood put on an Indian dance. They made their own costumes, which were as colorful and authentic as the dance itself.



J.G. Gagnon (left) M.C. Photo shows one of the Strong-Man acts developed by Ed Ramsay (not shown) and Leroy Nason (back to camera, supporting a total weight of 658 lbs.) The Flippers (Tumbling Act) from left: Quirico, Neufeld, Manahan, Belley and Chickak who helped with the act.



The overture was handled by representative talent from the two combs and the orchestra. From left; Snowden, Chalfoux, Smith, Erison (hidden by sax) Brown, Gallant, Baytun and Rodgers.

Show time in tiary is always First, the tryou of one's way to while one of the takes on one act means that, in a number, the men have to learn the they undertake the

There were so formers in the musical numbers entire range from ern and hillbill

Those shown i representative c was wide, varied

PROI
Vern
DIRE
Al V
MUSICAL
Emile Z
MASTER OF
J.G.
SCE
Alex
LIGHTING
L. Kear
E. Ba
COST
W. Moisan
MAK
D. Kolot,
G. St.

askatchewan Peniten-
 -ustle-bustle time.
 s. Then, the feeling
 fit with the show,
 three music groups
 or another, which
 dition to their own
 ers of the combos
 music for the acts
 back.
 e forty or more per-
 two shows, and the
 chosen covered the
 classical to West-



the photos are only
 the talent, which
 and entertaining.

"This Hour Has Seven Years" skit, which was
 patterned on the CBC show. From left to right:
 Kellough, Aubertin, Durocher, Dodd and Burt. On
 guitar is Rodgers. This spot in the program was a
 big hit.

ER
 Levy
 TOR
 ilin
 RECTOR
 batany
 REMONIES
 gnou
 ERY
 'wins
 EFFECTS
 er and
 roft
 ES
 B. Gillis
 UP
 Rennie,
 ermain



The Shindig skit, featuring, left to right, Friestad,
 Gallant and White, with Erison on drums. The dancers in
 the background are unidentified.

BIRCH HILLS JUBILEE CHOIR

On Sunday, December 12, 1965, the Birch Hills Jubilee Choir entertained us in the Protestant Chapel with a selection of popular choral music. The amazing feature of this event was that the members were between the ages of eight and fourteen, with the girls outnumbering the boys by more than two to one.

Father John, who organized this choir, told us that they had to screen over 150 candidates before they were satisfied with the talent they had selected, totalling thirty-two.

It was a delightful experience for the audience. Any man with children of his own can well appreciate the sympathetic reaction to the boys and girls who looked so angelic up there.

There was one cute moppet who attracted the attention of most of us. She could not have been more than nine. What made her stand out above the others was the fact that whereas the other girls wore the red bow of their uniform on their blouse collar, this highly individual little miss wore hers in her hair. Then, during the singing, she had the facial expressions and poise that **only** a professional is capable of.



BIRCH HILLS JUBILEE CHOIR

Father John directing the choir he helped to organize.

ADD-CAN ANNIVERSARY

On December 5th, 1965, the Add-Can Group held its overdue anniversary meeting, to commemorate the founding of the movement. The chairman was Elmer Hicks, who is well known in this institution, and who has been the sponsor and guiding spirit in the movement. Another old friend was Cecil Corrigan. Also present were Archdeacon Payton and Mr. Angus Campbell, both of whom have been extremely helpful on the past, and Mr. Bob Deildal, Executive Secretary of the Edmonton John Howard, who was instrumental in helping organize the Edmonton chapter of Add-Can. Representing the Administration was Deputy Warden John Norfield, who has shown as much interest in the progress of Add-Can as he has shown in his own baby, the Nor-Kel Group.

PATHFINDER has already published articles describing the aims and hopes of the group, as an inmate-planned unit that has worked out its own program with a view to finding the most practical solution to drug addiction.

There are various programs currently being implemented elsewhere, such as Snap in B.C. and Synanon in California. Each of these organizations is colored by the interpretation of the problem of narcotic addiction of the founder.

In 1964, six inmates of Saskatchewan Penitentiary got together to work out their own solution to the problem of drug addiction, and all they had to rely on was their personal experience and the nature of their individual problems as the groundwork.

The practical value of the Add-Can program is that there is no religious motivation, no fanatical zeal and no hypocritical claim to "reform". In essence, it is simply a matter of being realistic about the problem of addiction and to work out a sensible way of life designed to help the former addict stay off drugs. This, in reality, means staying out of prisons.

At this comparatively early stage in the development of the group, Add-Can has already been fortunate in having a few influential friends and sympathizers in the outside world. Most of these are ready and willing to help put the program on a sound basis, and this includes the establishment of a half-way house. They are at present standing by, waiting to help.

The image of you

by The Old Timer

People are what they are because those who exercised the strongest influence on them, in their formative years, expected them to become what they turned out to be. This may sound ambiguous, but it is nonetheless valid. It is a recent view in psychology and is based on the image concept—the developing personality is formed in the image seen by those who mold it, as they want it to be, rather than the way the will of the subject would operate if left to its own devices.

Only the infant is exempt from this pressure—so long as it can claim dependence on its environment, which is normally the first year of its life. But the moment it starts to assert itself, it becomes subject to the decisions and whims of those around it, who have most control over it. Headed, of course, by the dominant figure of mother.

We must think of the infant's social world in terms of a circle, the circumference of which would be the final boundary of the baby's little world. This circle is formed by the immediate family—parents, brothers and sisters, and reinforced by a grandmother or so, a doting aunt, and any part of the usual meddlers among the other relatives. Each and everyone of them considers it to be his or her rightful duty to impose his or her will on the helpless victim of all this "civilizing" influence which, to the child, is nothing less than totalitarianism and tyranny, and the only goal is to interfere with its fun.

The Circle. The circle beyond which it cannot pass.

Every time his conduct or attitude brings him to this formidable circular wall, he is thrown back to the center of the ring, figuratively, where the tyrants believe he should stay.

One of the effects of this process is that each and every member of the circle standing guard over the boundary has his or her own view of the growing child's intellect, inclinations and interests, and within a year or two, the total views blend into one as the most dominant person in that circle asserts his or her image of the child. If this relative thinks the child is stupid, the others invariably end up by accepting the view that the child is, indeed, very stupid, and this finally passes on

to the child itself, making it accept the verdict as peremptory, and it begins to act as expected—stupidly. If it tries to act in any other way, it finds that the behavior is not acceptable, and will never be acceptable until it is modified to fit the image formed by the group that forms the circle which bounds the social world of the period.

So it becomes resigned to the fact that it is stupid. Or bright. Or whatever the dominating figure in the circle has decided it is, then imposed this decision on the others.

The same process is repeated throughout childhood and adolescence. The second circle is elementary school, then high school, and all the way up to the middle of the teens, when the first effort to break out of the circle might be made.

At the turn of the century, the boys who grew up in the Lower East Side of New York City were expected to become criminals, as a matter of course. They had grown up in a tight circle. Most of them stayed in it, but others managed to break out, either as a half-way measure—gamblers, show people or musicians—while others went all the way, becoming policeman, politicians, skilled laborers, and so on.

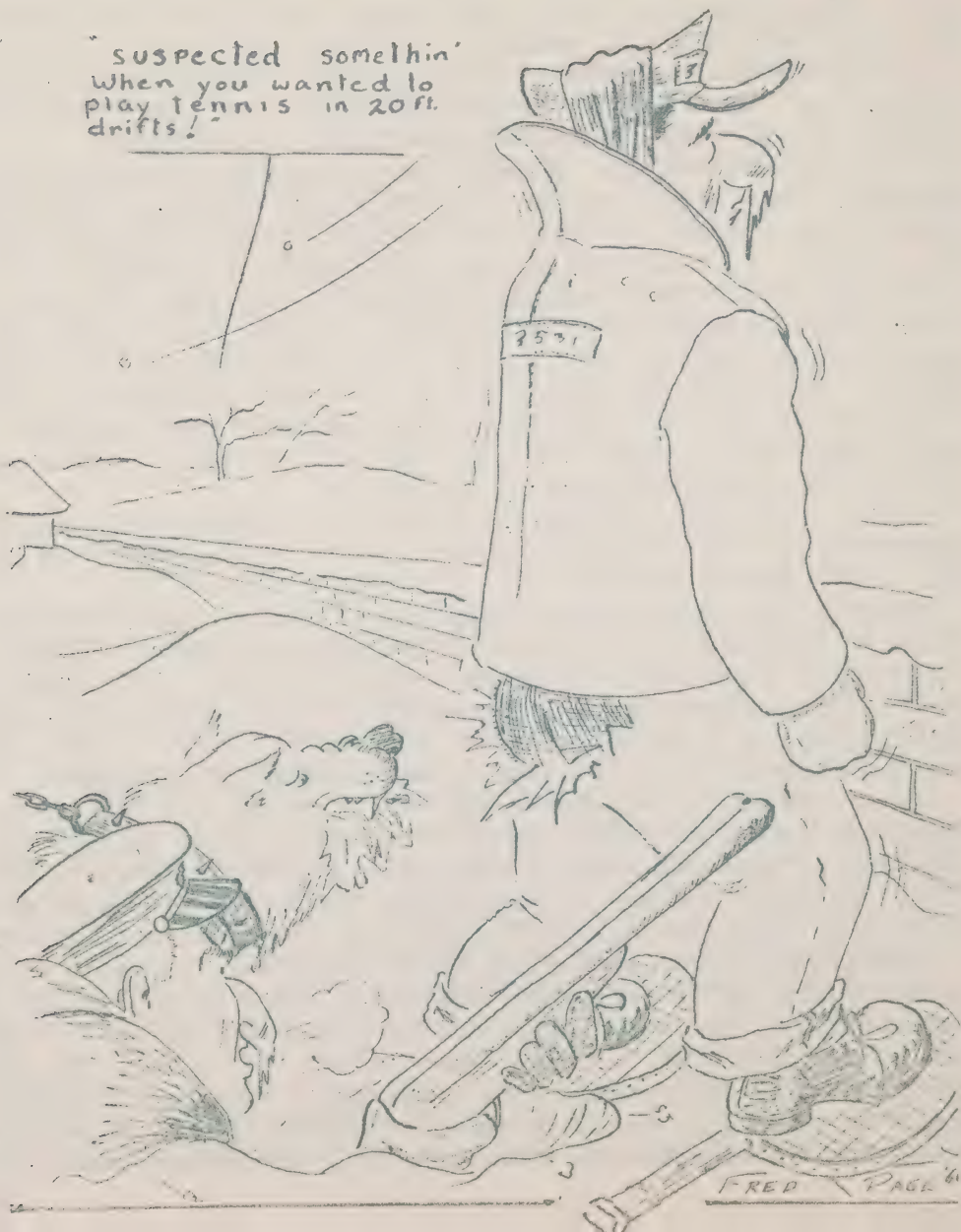
So it was, in the Thirties, we had the cliché "East Side Boy Makes Good," but that should have read "East Side Boy Breaks Out of His Native Circle."

Most circles are merely extensions of the original, and this could be interpreted as a sort of promotion by their standards. A boy whose personality blossomed while he was in a reform school is good material for a gang of juvenile delinquents, and this in turn is a stepping stone to criminal career, with the penitentiary as the last stage of development in the rebel.

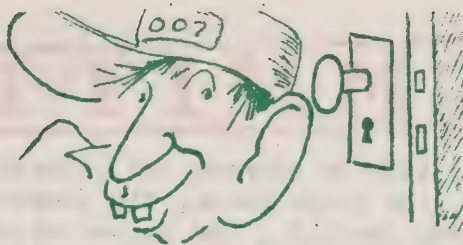
On his release, he joins a new circle, where his friends and "business associates" have their own concept of an image of him, to which he must necessarily conform or become an outcast. This, then, explains the so-called code of the underworld—the need to fit the image that is predominant in the underworld itself.

Regrettably, this same image of the criminal is passed along to the world of respectable citizens, courtesy of newspapers and misguided social workers, and if ever a man tries to break out of the circle of criminal associates, to return to the world of solid taxpayers, this same image comes up to prevent him from doing so, and this makes it painfully obvious why the ex-convict is rejected so vehemently by a Christian society.

"suspected somethin'
when you wanted to
play tennis in 20 ft.
drifts!"



the
Q.T.



OVERHEARD:-

Art Rennie (The Curler?) telling another little fellow how soft he was.

NOTED:-

We heard that old John Erison never gives up. Gives up what, John?

FAN MAIL:-

We hear that cldster Ben S. was the recent recipient of a letter from Edmonton. It seems that a close friend of his had a little trouble extracting herself from a booth in a downtown cafe, and she wants Ben to part with a few dollars to pay for the damages incurred during the excavation.

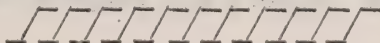
THE ARTS:-

Has Archie Burro given up barbering for sign painting? And does Bernie appreciate your efforts, Arch?

FOUL PLAY:-

The results of a private poll, taken to determine who were the meanest and craftiest hockey players to ever put on a pair of blades, brought to light two characters who, up until this time, had us convinced that there were no cleaner, nor more gentlemanly, players in the game.

We salute John "Slap Shot" McIntosh, and Idaho's gift (?) to P.A.'s hockey league, Bob "Hard Hat" Stevenson.



COMMITTEE □

We would like to express our sincere gratitude to all the performers, the stage hands, the electricians, the makeup mer, the producer, the M.C., and anyone else who contributed to making the inmate's Christmas Concert and the ACT Amateur Hour the great successes they were.

REPORT □

A special vote of thanks to the men for making the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic of last November the success it turned out to be. Also, to the men who donated to the Orphanage fund, with the collection well in excess of \$250.00.

Outside teams will be, and are being, brought in to play exhibition games with institution teams, both in the Hockey and the Basketball leagues.

The inmate body will be interested to learn that a new movie projector has been purchased. This new unit, made by R.C.A. Victor, will replace the obsolete machine currently being used for the showing of movies in the auditorium. The new projector is expected to arrive in the near future and will be installed immediately

Due to the Christmas and New Year holidays, which inevitably cause a disruption of all schedules, the proposed general meeting which will enable the Recreation Committee to hold discussions with the Administration, was kept in abeyance. It was tentatively scheduled for the latter part of January, 1966.

There are many decisions still pending, relative to some of our proposals, and we hope that these will be ironed out at this projected meeting.

By the time this issue of PATHFINDER is printed, we expect that this planned meeting will have been held, and we will announce the results as soon as it is possible to do so.

Our thanks for your support and cooperation.

2 Poems

THE WIFE

by Blair Bothwell

May that kind Power.

Who joined our hands when in thy beauty's flower,

Still, when the blooming years of life decline,

Prolong the blessing, and preserve thee mine. . . .

I saw thee, what thou art, when late I stood.

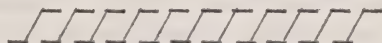
On the dark verge of the Lethean flood.

When, glazed in death, I closed my quivering eyes.

Relating fate restored me to thy sight.

Thou wert alone the cause; the Power above

Feared thy despair and melted to thy love.



FILAMENT OF LOVE

by K.R.C. St. Cyr

True love is steadfast like a gleaming star,,

Untarnished by the mark of passing years;

Its vibrant warmth can heal the deepest scar

Within a wounded heart, and dry the tears

When sorrow comes. A tiny spark will grow

Into a flame and leave upon the face

Of one who is adored, a radiant glow

—That ravages of time cannot erase.

Those who will keep the flame alive and bright,

Will soon discover that true love has spun—

With slender filament of golden light—

A cord that binds their separate souls as one.



VOCATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE TRAINING AND GARAGE

-by Jim Rutley-

A complete tour of the Garage, situated inside the walls of Saskatchewan Penitentiary, would take the visitor downstairs, first, into the section set aside for inmate training and designated, officially, as the Vocational Automotive Training.

Two separate classes are usually in progress. One group will be receiving a three-month Service Station course that includes car washing, chassis lubrication, tire repair, as well as instructions on lathe operation, given by A. Hunter.

The second class, which has already completed the first course, is now given Advance Automotive Training, by T. Bantle.

There are, available to inmate trainees, six engines mounted on metal stands—guinea pigs for the students. As part of the course, these power units are dismantled, inspected, measured, then put together again, tuned up and started.

Lectures, with film strips, are part of the course, and they help the trainees to understand the working of the transmission, differential, brakes and the electric system of a car. This phase of training lasts approximately three months also.

The guided tour would take the visitor upstairs, to the main floor, where J. Porter and B. McGillis are the supervisors.

It is to this area that the bulk of the cars are brought in, at the owner's risk, to be repaired or serviced.

There are twelve stalls occupying most of the floor area, and these are manned by fully trained and experienced inmates who are capable of doing everything in this line of work, from changing a burnt-out headlight lamp to a major overhaul job.

The visitor would notice an odd-looking apparatus with twin metal ramps—the Bear Teleliner, which is used for wheel alignment, as well as for checking the car for a bent frame.

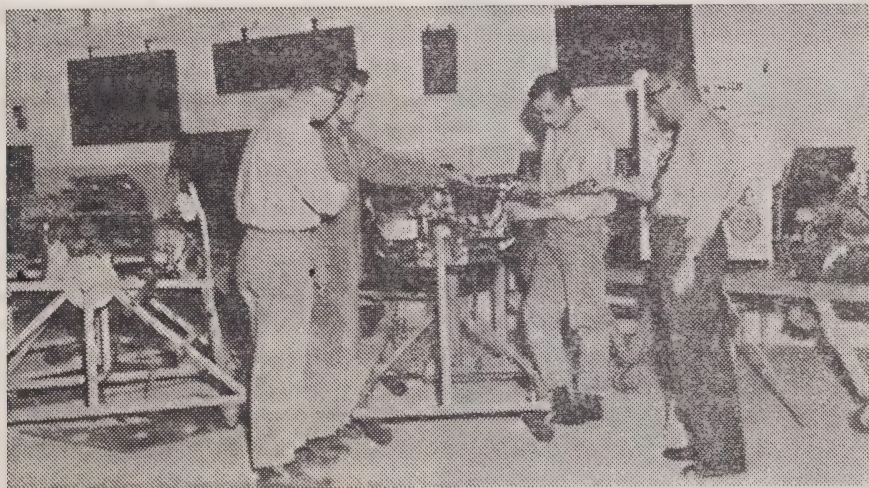
Part of the main-floor area is taken up by a separate operation, common to all garages and service stations. This includes a wash rack and a steam cleaner.

The body shop and spray booth are at the far end of the building. Autos that were victims of a collision, in which the damage ranges from minor scratches to almost complete wreckage, are expertly repaired and brought back to a like-new condition by the very capable staff of inmates doing body-repair work.

There is also the traditional Parts Department, which dispenses nuts and bolts, as needed, as well as small parts.

The training received by the inmates is an accredited course and is fully recognized by the Provincial Apprenticeship Board. It entitles the successful trainees to the required credits. One of the outstanding features is that the course is not only one of theory. All the inmate students who have completed the courses have the opportunity to do actual work, which means experience in the field, because of the actual repair jobs, paint and servicing chores done in the garage for customers.

This will conclude our guided tour of the Garage and the Vocational Automotive Training Department.

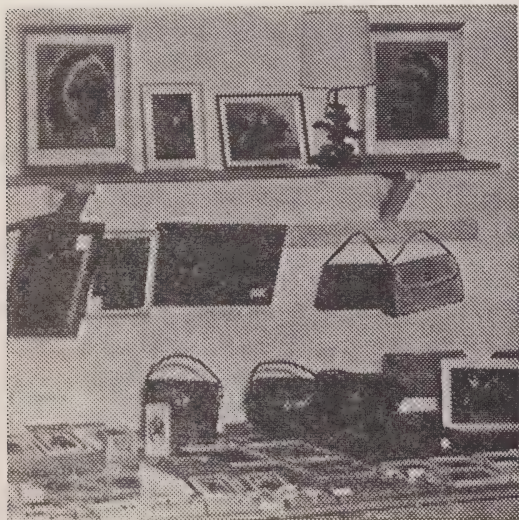


ART and CRAFTS by FRED PAGE



At the Annual A.C.T. show, a large collection of hobbies were on display. Articles ranging from minute earrings and jewelry to oversize ladies handbags capable of carrying a complete wardrobe change, and at times even money were to be seen. Petit Point and Copperwork were in abundance, as these items are very popular with the craftsmen. I was a little dissatisfied, however, by the lack of finer arts, such as oil's on canvas or velvet, water color and contemporary paintings also the absence of pastels, pencil or charcoal drawings. I know there are some fine artists in the institution, and pictures in any medium, whether a copy or an original make a

lovely gift, that will brighten any decor. A lot of time and patience goes into the making of these items, and the finished product is on par with the best. All crafts are available to the general public and information as to purchase may be obtained by writing to:



'HOBBY DISPLAY'

THE HOBBY OFFICER

P.O. BOX / 160

PRINCE ALBERT,

SASKATCHEWAN



CURLING

Don Kolot

HOCKEY

Bob Gaucher

The sounds of flashing skates and booming shots has ushered in another hockey season in the Saskatchewan pen. This year a new twist has been added to the hockey picture. The customary two, four team leagues has been bypassed in favor of three, three team leagues. This has resulted in a higher calibre of hockey in both "A" and "B" leagues and created a "C" league which many of us find to be the most entertaining.

"A" LEAGUE

Jake Quiring's "Blades" have started to take command of "A" league and should pull away as the season progresses. With some "Jack Adams" type trading, Jake picked up Norm Roy and John "Slapshot" MacIntosh to give him a solid defence behind the explosive line he centres with Andy Creighton and Alex Brown on the Wings. Most of the "Blades" competition will come from Cigar's "Nationals". Bernie Daniels and Larry Skakun centered by George Pelletier will skate and score with any line, but the loss of McKay coupled with Fred Gordon going home soon, means Stan "T.V." Stewart will really have to preform in the nets if the Nationals are ever to regain first place. The cellar dwellers are Fred Stevenson's "Canadians" who have been stricken by releases. So Fred is still searching for players to manoeuvre with his high scoring Right Winger Brian Ball and "B" league graduate Larry Matthews. With only six or so team-mates, Jerry Le Blanc, their goaltender has been acting strange of late, this we believe is the first sign of shell-shock.

John "Slapshot" MacIntosh gives his vote for the shiftiest forward in "A" league to George Pelletier. Quote: "I swear, he was only three feet away and he deeked me three times and before I could recover he was behind me."

Stan "T.V." Stewart the Nationals goaltender was telling me how Alex Brown had five shots on him from point-blank range on a break-away and still didn't score. Only one question Stan, where did you learn to clear rebounds?

"A" LEAGUE STANDINGS AND STATISTICS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>POINTS</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>GP</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>GF</u>	<u>GA</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Quiring	26	12	38	BLADES	12	9	2	1	94	54	19
Roy	14	24	38								
Creighton	12	21	33	NATIONALS	12	6	5	1	82	71	13
Pelletier	21	9	30								
Kitchemonia	15	10	25	CANADIANS	2	2	10	0	45	96	4



'LEAGUE PLAY'

"B" LEAGUE HOCKEY

The surprise team of the year would have to be Henry Cyr's league leading "Chicago". A combination of speedy youth and experienced age have given them a solid lead. The kid line of Fred Doonanco, scoring leader Wally Mayfield and rookie Samy Yellow-knee has at times been almost impossible to stop. Dean Pelton, runner up in last year's scoring race has dropped back to defence to ease the load on Cyr and John Spolader. Cyr's all out style of play has proven infectious with his team and will make them hard to displace at the top.

Bob Stevenson's old men (Bruins) hold down second place. Pre-season forecasts had them runaway champions, but until they round into shape, they'll continue to be a second-place club. The heady play of oldtimers like Jerry Cole, Charley Taylor and Bert Gillis make up for their lack of speed. This experience is illustrated in the play of Len Cote and Stevenson on defense, which has been the Bruin's forte so far this year.

The basement is occupied by Henry Blyan's unpredictable Red Wings, whose strength lies in two strong forward lines, of which Jake Fiddler, Martin Papin and C. Roy are the leading scorers. The acquisition of Larry Papin and Janiver seems to have solved their defense problem. So look for the Red Wings to start winning and the league to tighten up.

"B" LEAGUE STANDINGS AND STATISTICS

NAME	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	TEAM	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
Mayfield	15	18	33	CHICAGO	12	7	3	2	55	42	16
M. Papin	15	7	22								
Fiddler	13	9	22	BRUINS	12	4	4	4	47	52	12
Yellowknee	12	7	19								
Cole	9	8	17	RED-WINGS	12	3	7	2	56	64	8



"C" LEAGUE HOCKEY

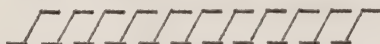
The co-holders of first place in "C" League are Jim Rutley's "Chevrans" and Freddy Doonanco's "Rangers". Giroux directs the Chevrons' attack with Lamirande and Strong on the wings. A team whose play emphasizes defense has given goalies Jim Gordon and Gaywascheski each a shutout with much of the credit going to Earl "Shadow" Goddard and Jim Rutley. The Rangers are a free-skating, high-scoring team, sporting Lavallee and George Gladue as the top point-getters in the league. "Chink" Kennedy fills out "C's" top scoring line and aids defensemen Larry Bond and Millichamps in providing Goalie Madore some protection.

Wayne "Crusher" Cowan's Dandies trail the leaders by only 3 points. Severight and Littlechief, down from "B" League, will support top-notch forwards like Thunder, Beamish and Ronnie Keewatin in climbing to the top. With the 120-pound "Crusher"

and Gustafson as defensemen, the Dandies should never be far from first place in a well-balanced league.

"C" LEAGUE STANDINGS AND STATISTICS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>POINTS</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>GP</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>	<u>T</u>	<u>GF</u>	<u>GA</u>	<u>PTS</u>
Lavalle	15	10	25	CHEVRONS	12	5	4	3	46	41	13
Gladue	17	5	22								
Thunder	11	5	16	RANGERS	12	6	5	1	52	53	13
Giroux	10	2	12								
Lamirande	8	4	12	DANDIES	12	3	5	4	46	50	10



CURLING

NEWS

by Don Kolot

An opening bonspiel was held to get the curling season under way on Nov. 17th. It was double knockout competition, with a total of nineteen rinks entered, and it took approximately two weeks to complete, with John Page's rink winning. The spiel was highly successful, with weather conditions ideal and the ice in perfect shape. Runners-up in the bonspiel were; Chuck Taylor's rink second, Don Kolot's third, and Larry Musurichan's fourth.

The league games started as soon as the bonspiel was over and, at this writing, competition is close, with six teams vying for top spot. The league Shield is at stake. In addition, the winners will attend the Annual Spring Banquet.

Our spring Bonspiel will be inaugurated as soon as the league schedule is completed, and everyone is looking forward to the start. The team that comes out on top in this spiel also earns the privilege of attending the banquet.

To date, we have had no outside teams in for competition with institution rinks, but we hope—in the near future—to

have a few games.

In past years, it was traditional to have these rinks in on Sunday afternoons. The games were a great success, and the ice a novelty for the visitors—there are very few sheets of natural outdoor ice left in the country.

A few notes about the boys who are playing this year. Heard a comment from a spectator the other day, wondering what L. Carroll was doing at the other end of the ice while his third, Ramchuck, was hollering at him. It would seem that he was polishing the ice off his shades, to try to see what he was supposed to be doing. (He didn't!) Old-timer, R.D.W., still playing the game, but time seems to have taken its toll. He can't seem to get the rocks to do what they used to. Larry Musurichan, as usual, can't keep things going the way they should.



'BONSPIEL PLAY'

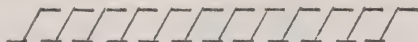
Ed Mackow may have a suggestion, like playing lead instead of skip. Chuck Taylor still the man to beat when he's right. Still too cold, most of the time, for Marv Greene, while our Committee man and Curling Commish, Art Rennie, from the West Coast, seems able to take even the 25-below-zero days. Jerry Cole still showing up but is always heard to say "But I'm not a skip." Brian Sexsmith, as usual, the last man to catch on a team, always has to find someone smaller than he is. Feel sorry for Norm Campbell—he's smaller.

I would like to personally thank the boys for the terrific job they have done, to date, in keeping the rinks in top shape. These fellows are Ben Ritchie, Lawrence Carroll, Ed Mackow and

W. Moisan. I'm certain the rest of the curlers feel as I do. Thank you, fellows, for a job well done. League statistics to date are as follows.

CURLING STATISTICS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PLAYED</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>PLAYED</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>
MANAHAN	18	16	2	PALHARRY	18	11	7
TAYLOR	18	16	2	PETERSON	18	11	7
PAGE	17	15	2	COLE	18	9	9
KOLOT	18	15	3	McARALY	18	9	9
CAMBELL	18	15	3	CARROL	19	9	10
MUSURICHAN	18	12	6	R.W.	18	8	10
GALLAGHER	17	11	6				



SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

ALL STAR HOCKEY-

A hat trick by M. Papin powered the "B" League ALL-STARS to a 7-5 win over the P.A. Training School teachers. Linemates W. Mayfield, F. Doonanco and S. Yellowknee each notched singles with defenceman H. Cyr rounding out the scoring. Papin's two goals came only seconds apart, both while his team was short-handed. From that point on, they never looked back in the free skating, hard-checking game. These games are a welcome break in our sports picture, and we thank the T.S. for providing us with the competition.

ALL STAR BASKETBALL

Two All Star basketball games have been played to date with the inside team coming out on top in both encounters, in the first game with the P.A. Royals, the All Stars led by the high scoring of A. Creighton, won the close fought battle by a score of 67-58. In the next match with the Bible Insitute the All-Stars showed a strong defence, with N. Roy and E. Page doing a fine defensive job, D. Newell and G. McKimney were the high scorers in this match with 19 and 16 pts, respectively. Final score in the game was 98 - 78.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

by Yves Gagnon



It is here at last. The new year.

It has been a long time coming. Or so it seemed to me these past twelve months.

To me, 1966 is a very special year. To others, it might be just another calendar cycle to coast or lag through.

This is my year. The year I leave this little world of high walls and steel bars.

It should be fitting at this point to go over the time I spent here and to assess its net effect on me, as I see or feel it.

In looking back on the time I have spent in prison—and I feel that I have spent too much of that, considering my age, since I am still in my twenties—I immediately list as the primary finding the fact that it was such a terrible waste of time. I would say that, regardless of how much a man is supposed to benefit by the experience of serving time, it remains, at all times, a shameful waste of time.

This, I hope, will be my last penitentiary term. All I can do is hope because I learned, from the experience of others, that regardless of how sincere a man might be and how sound his plans would seem to him as he prepares to go out into the free world, there are the unknown factors—the hidden obstacles—that could throw him, his hopes and plans, and his whole future for a big loss on the play.

When I sit back, impartially, and compare the sentence I served with those back-breaking terms some inmates are saddled with, I find that I should be grateful. The two years I will have served on a three-year sentence will be a mere stopover, when I think of the men doing twenty, thirty or more years, or have been sentenced to life or to an indefinite period of preventive detention as habitual criminals.

My term is almost over, and those days spent here are part of the past. This is the present, and I am preparing to leave. What counts now, is the future: it will be what I make of it. What does 1966 hold in store for me?



RED CROSS

BLOOD DONOR CLINIC

The second semi-annual Blood Donor Clinic for 1965 was held on November 17th, and the usual highly satisfactory turnout was as expected. A total of 325 pints of blood were donated in the one-day period. With the basic institutional population under the 700-figure, the percentage of donations is always better than it is on the street, at any time.

Our total donations for 1965 amounted to 692 pints.

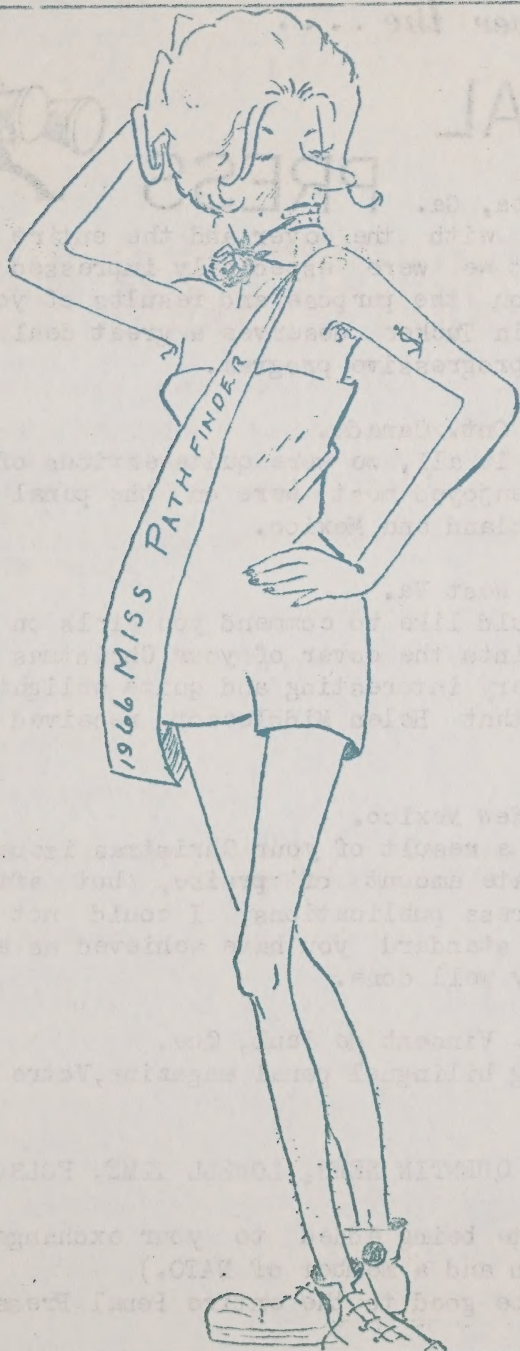
Miss Marilyn Johnson, the charming technician who used to do blood typing, has left the Red Cross. She was replaced by Miss Iona Hurley, a personable and equally charming young lady who not only was quick and highly efficient but also put the men at their ease, so everybody was relaxed.

As a rule, the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic is considered as one of the main social events of the year, here, where the men enjoy the social atmosphere and, at the same time, have that satisfying feeling that they are doing something good.

The members of the Committee combined with the P.T. and the Auditorium crews to prepare the area in record time.



Scene at the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic.



Looking over the

PENAL

PRESS



THE ATLANTIAN, Atlanta, Ga.

We were impressed with the cover and the entire content of your fall issue, but we were especially impressed by Junior Cranford's article on the purpose and results of your Program of progress. Chaplain Tucker deserves a great deal of credit for founding such a progressive program.

TELESCOPE, Kingston, Ont. Canada.

To be frank about it all, we were quite envious of your fall issue. Articles we enjoyed most were on the penal systems of Thailand, Russia, Finland and Mexico.

THE EAGLE, Alderson, West Va.

First of all, I would like to commend you girls on the amount of effort that went into the cover of your Christmas issue. The material used was very interesting and quite enlightening. We were glad to see that Helen Middlecoop received her typing certificate.

THE ENCHANTED NEWS, New Mexico.

I'm sure that, as a result of your Christmas issue, you will receive an appropriate amount of praise, but after leafing through 197 Penal Press publications, I could not help but remark on the high standard you have achieved as a result of this issue. Extremely well done.

CONTACT, Leclerc, St. Vincent de Paul, Que.

A very interesting bilingual penal magazine, Votre caricature nous a bien amusé.

TERMINAL ISLAND, SAN QUENTIN NEWS, LOWELL TIME, FOLSON OBSERVER and the J.S. TIME.

We would appreciate being added to your exchange list. (We are a friendly nation and a member of NATO.)

May the New Year be good to the entire Penal Press.

On the Prowl!!!



FOR . . .

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

Let *PATHFINDER* be your host on a guided tour of *inmate* thought and outlook, through the pages of this little magazine. The problem of rehabilitation— since it is *not* only the inmate's— should be of interest to every social-conscious citizen.

It has been said that a serious and sincere *subjective* view is worth a ton of *objective* observation.

Use this handy subscription coupon.

PATHFINDER,
P.O. BOX 160,
PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Enclosed, please find the sum of \$ in payment of subscriptions of six bi-monthly issues, at the rate of One Dollar (\$1.00) per subscription.

Please address to:-

(1) (2)

.....

.....

(3) (4)

.....

.....

From:-

*PATHFINDER
P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.*

TO:-

Miss J. Hardy
Centre of Criminology
University Of Toronto
Toronto
Ont.

Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department,
Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.